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THRENODIA:
OR, AN
ELEGY

On the unexpected and unlamented

DEATH
OF THE
CENSOR:
TOGETHER

With some Account of his Last *Will* and
Testament: All faithfully collected from
the Genuine MSS. in the *Grub-street* Va-
tican.

— *pingui tentus omaso*
Graffianus, animam exhalavit opiman. Virg.

Written Originally by *Martin Gulliver*, and now revis'd
and publish'd by the *Commentator* on the *Censeriad*.

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The Proeme.

Right Marvailous (gentyl *Reader*) Hath been the Success of my Lucubratiouns heretofore; yea verily, and moche pleasure hath mine Heart Y--- gathered, and grete console hath it afoorded my mynde, to perceiue, that in vayn mine Oyl hath not been expended, but that haply my Labours have liked thee well. Howbeit, me-seemeth, that the oddness of the Subject Pricketh thee most; nathless, if thou hast Joyance, and I Commendacioun thereby, I am content.. Which Observacioun remindeth me of an auncient Statuary, hight *Crytias*, who gotten hem moche rychels, and gode name, by welly-carving the lykeness of an *As*; and eke of *Cra-tander Thebanus*, who gotten hem grete Admiracioun, for the jocund, and peerless protraicture of a *Sir-reveraunce*.

Certes, right felicitous shull I be deemed yf in gode part thou acceptest this my poore Studye, and desyrous minde, in reducyng into Light this auncient piece of *Poesy*, whyche it were over Pyteous to have been in any poynt Lost, maimed, falsyfied or contemned. *Reader*, that thou mayst as moche delyte in the perusal thereof, as I in the Compylement, wisheth,

Thine with all Tendernefs.

The Commentator.



THRENODIA: OR, AN ELEGY, &c.

EPITAPHIUM.

Eterna memoria Censoris, Trin Coll. Dub. Dicatum.

*Mortuus hoc tandem tumulo Graffane quiescis,
Ingenio Levior sit tibi terra tuo.*

Men :

YE Writers of Satire, ye Whips of the Times,
Ye dealers in Doggrel, ye taggers of Rimes,
Ye scourges of Dullness, ye bold Pamphleteers
Who spare not the Vices of *Fellows*, or *P—rs*,
Ye fool-hating Authors of ev'ry degree,
Ye Hawkers of Scandal, come mourn with me ;
With me, O Lament, for the *Censor* deceast,
Who dy'd, as he's said to have liv'd, *Like a Beast* ;
O spread it to *Albion*, where it is said he
Is famous, as Dullness can make him, already :

Thro'

Thro' the streets of *Eblana* let News-cryers roar,
That *Hugo*, the Blunderful *Hugo's* no more.

By the *Wags* in the College, 'tis constantly said,
That magical Studies disorder'd his Head;
They ground their Conjecture on this one Remark,
That whoe'er he convers'd with, was *left in the dark*.

The Action suppos'd to have hast'ned his Fate,
Let *Ierne* attend, and the Muse shall relate.
He read of a * *Dervise* who nimbly cou'd Shoot
His Soul, with a Word, into each other Brute,
This Art, with impatience he labour'd to find,
It kill'd his Repose, and distracted his Mind,
Till at Last with hard-plodding, and Study unsound,
This wonderful Secret was happily found:
But eager, an Art so surprizing to try,
He fix'd on an *Ass* that by chance trotted by,
The Word was pronounc'd, the Soul instantly fled,
And down dropt the Carcass of *Gr—ff—n* as dead:
The *Soul* from its Lubberly Mansion releast,
Grew pleas'd with a Dwelling so much to *It's* Taste.
Before, while imprison'd, 'twas tortur'd in vain
To work on a stupid insensible Brain,
Condemn'd for whole Years over *Euclid* to pore,
And remain, O surprising! as Wise as before,
Or plagu'd and benumb'd with inordinate Drinking,
Seem'd cram'd in a Carcase to keep it from Stinking:
But now, in a thrice, of *It's* Punishments eas'd,
Might Saunter, or Bray, or be Dull as *It pleas'd*;

* *This Story is told in one of the Persian Tales, and is from thence quoted by the Spectator.*

It may be contemn'd and abus'd, but not more
 Than *It* patiently suffer'd in *Gr—ff—n* before,
 So, Prudent for once, rather chose to reside
 With innocent Dullness, than Folly and Pride.

The Story sounds odd, so I shall not insist on't,
 But leave the kind Readers to think what they list on't.

Who dies by the Rope, without Last-*s*peech, or
 (Poem,
 Or some such kind Methods to make the Town know
 (him?

What high-pamper'd *Alderman* loaded with Liquor
 And Vices, can peacefully go to *Old Nick*, or
 A contrary Place, which they seldom arrive at,
 For courting Intemp'rance in Publick and Private,
 I say, what fat *Alderman* dies, but you meet
 His *Elegy* instantly bawl'd thro' the Street?
 And shall the fam'd *Censor* unnotic'd lie Dead,
 Tho' as Far as a *Justice* in Paunch and in Head?
 Shall He, and his Talents so soon be forgotten,
 E'er his Carcase is grown, like his Principles, rotten?
 The *Muse* shall forbid it, transmitting his Merits,
 As the Curious, for Show, preserve Monsters in Spirits.

* Oh! what is become of thy Countenance sleek,
 The *Leer*, and the *Fly* that dwelt on thy Cheek!
 Thy *Quibbles*, thy *Puns*, thy *Invectives*, thy *Jesting*,
 Those Arts, which the Genius of *Hugo* was best in;
 Thy broad-spreading *Grin*, and the unstinging *Gibe*
 So highly ador'd by the Fools of thy Tribe;
 Thy *Blunders* which kept all the Board in a Roar.
 All these are Extinct—, and their Parent no more.

If

If *Wit* only serves to make other Folks laugh on,
 Why—thus much was caus'd by the *Follies* of *Gr-fn*:
 And, if this be the Case, who wou'd be at the Pains
 To Torture with Learning a handful of Brains,
 To Thrash at old Authors from Morning till Night,
 To Labour for Years to be Wise and Polite;
 Since he, with Assurance, Conceit, and Grimace,
 With a *Sneer*, and an aukward Distortion of Face,
 Tho' Thoughtless, and Brainless, and dull from his Birth,
 Cou'd, as well as the *Witty*, excite us to Mirth.

When assaulted by Death, who's commission'd to Strike
 Both the *Peer*, and the *Fool*, and the *Fellow* alike,
 With a Sigh, and a Groan he was heard to Invoke
 His best-belov'd Goddess of *Dullness*, and Spoke.

“ O Goddess, thou Foe to the Learned and Wise,
 “ By whom I have grown to this Station and Size,
 “ O thou, who with Care o'er my Infancy hung,
 “ And form'd ev'ry Sentence that dropt from my Tongue,
 “ Whose Hand, with a Parent's Affection, hath spread
 “ O'er the Mind of thy Offspring thy Mantle of *Lead*:
 “ Hath stamp'd thy own Mark on whatever I Writ,
 “ And gave me immortal Aversions to Wit,
 “ As thy Influence always my Intellects blest,
 “ O Hear, and Comply with this single Request,
 “ Transform me when Dead, and bid far-flying *Fame*
 “ Then give me, (what, Living, I want,) a good *Name* !

He ceas'd; and one half of his whimsical Pray'r
 Was heard; but the other dissolv'd into Air.

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The Goddess, to grant what her fav'rite requested,
 His Corps of it's Ornaments quickly divested,
 Thrice breath'd on his Face, and surrounded with Shade,
 To * ESSEX-STREET nimbly the Body convey'd,
 Then mutter'd, and did what a fond Parent cou'd,
 And with easy Transition it chang'd into *Wood*,
 Transform'd to a Station that suited him most,
 Exalted, and stuck with his Head to a *Post*.
 The Curious, are constantly crowding to view
 The wooden Remains of the much-injur'd *Hugh*,
 With a prominent Paunch, and a sad-featur'd Face,
 Thro' which all his manifold Follies they trace,
 And hope, his Successor, (as frequent the Case is,)
 May Inherit his *Dullness* as well as his *Places*.

** This is a Description of the Wooden-man in Essex-street; and the justness of the Comparisen, will appear to every one who is acquainted both with the Censor, and this his Wooden Representative.*

Curtious Reader,

NOT having Room in this Paper for his last Will and Testament, we must inform thee, that in a few Days it will be added to a new Edition of this Poem, when it will appear with several curious Annotations, and Remarks; and thereunto will be annexed a more Correct Edition of the *Censoriad* also; to which will be prefix'd the Life of MARTIN GULLIVER both in *Latin* and *English*.

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